It was not to inattentive ears that Tennyson read his poems. His reading was most impressive, but I think he read Browning's " Ride from Ghent to Aix " better than anything of his own, except, perhaps, "The Northern Fanner." He used to preserve the monotonous rhythm of the galloping horses in Browning's poem, and made the -words corne out sharply like hoofs upon a road. It was a little comic until one got used to it, but that fault lay in the ear of the hearer. It was the right way and the fine way to read this particular poem, and I have never forgotten it.

In after years I met Tennyson again, when with Henry Irving I acted in two of his plays at the Lyceum. When I come to those plays, I shall have more to s.ay of him. Glad-stone, too, came into my later life. Browning I saw once or twice at dinner-parties, but knew him no better than in this early period, when I was Nelly Watts, and heedless of the greatness of great men. " To meet an angel and not to be afraid is to be impudent." I don't like to confess to it, but I think I must have been, according to this definition, *very* impudent!

One charming domestic arrangement at Freshwater was the serving of the dessert in a separate room from the rest of the dinner. And such a dessert it always was!—fruit piled high on great dishes in Veronese fashion, not the few nuts and an orange of some English households.

It must have been some years after the Freshwater days,

yet before the production of "The Cup/' that I saw Tenny-
son in his carriage outside a jeweller's shop in Bond Street.

" How very nice you look in the daytime/' he said.
" Not like an actress ! "

I disclaimed my singularity, and said I thought actresses looked *very* nice in the daytime.

To him and to the others my early romance was always